OOR WULLIE

Wha daur tak' a tilt at Oor Wullie's kilt?

I CANNA GO OOT LIKE THIS!
IT'S A PRESENT FRAE AUNTIE PEG.. YE'LL WEAR IT!
OCH! I'LL GET SOME STICK FOR THIS!
ROWF!
O'MIGHTY!
COME ON THEN, YE BRUTE!
OLE!
SLAM!
YELP!
KILTY CAULD BUM! HA! HA!
YE CANNA INSULT THE TARTAN AN' LIVE!
HELP! A TARTAN TERROR!
YAP! YAP!
ONLY PLASTIC... BUT IT DID THE JOB! HEH!
OH! WETNESS!
OHO!
SIR WHILL-TER McRALEIGH, AT YER SERVICE, MA'AM.
HOWL!
JINGS!
THON WAS A MAN-HOLE, LADDIE!
I'LL MURDER YOU, YE WEE RASCAL!
MURDER? I'LL GET KILT WHEN I GO HAME! UNLESS...
COULD YE STICK THIS IN WI' YER MA'S WASHING, PRIMROSE? PLEASE!
CANNA HAE MY LAD BEIN' SEEN IN A DIRTY SKIRT, NOW CAN I? HEH!
ON WHILL'S RETURN HOME—
KILT OKAY?
AYE, WELL, YES, BUT...
... IT'S MAIR O' A MINI-KILT NOO— IT SHRUNK IN PRIMROSE'S WASH.
ACH! AH'M FAIR 'PLAID' OUT!